after " little Miss Edy " and " Master Teddy/' forgetting the passing of time.

My little daughter was a very severe critic ! I think if I had listened to her, I should have left the stage in despair. She saw me act for the first time as Mabel Vane, but no compliments were to be extracted from her.

"You *did* look long and thin in your grey dress."

' " When you fainted I thought you was going to fall into the orchestra—you was so *long."*

In "New Men and Old Acres " I had to play the piano while I conducted a conversation consisting on rny side chiefly of haughty remarks to the effect that " blood would tell," to talk naturally and play at the same time. I " shied " at the lines, became self-conscious, and either sang the words or altered the rhythm of the tune to suit the pace of the speech. I grew anxious about it, and was always practising it at home. After much hard work Edy used to wither me with :

" *That's* not right! "

Teddy was of a more flattering disposition, but very obstinate when he chose. I remember "wrastling" with him for hours over a little Blake poem which he had learned by heart, to say to his mother:

** When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of the night arise.
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away.
Till morning appears in the sides.

N"o, no, let us- play, for yet It is day.
And we cannot go to sleep.
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly.
And the MH« are all covered with sheep. ..."